VOLUME LVI CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1905. NUMBER 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Methought I heard God and Satan talking of me as once they talked of Job.

And Satan said: "I am tired of all these ancient forms of torture. The writhings of the prisoner under the lash weary me. The shrieks of the captive in Central Africa as he feels the slow inevitable fire make me yawn. All these old-fashioned sufferings have become maddening in their monotony. When I was young, how I revelled in these joys, but now, alas, those days have passed away. What new punishment can I invent for this man?"

And God said: "Give him wealth and its honours punishment?"

And Satan answered and said: "He prayed continually for riches and pleasures and consideration, and strove for them above all things, and forgot Thee altogether."

And God said: "Give him wealth and its honors and pleasures, and see to it that he find no way to escape from them, and then open his eyes that he behold what manner of things they be."

And Satan went forth from the presence of God exulting as of yore.

—*Ernest Crosby in "Broad Cast."*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1905. NUMBER 4

Rejoice in the Lord alway: Rejoice. In nothing be anxious. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts. Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, think on these things; and the God of peace shall be with you.

Wise Sweden! Fortunate Norway! How splendid it is that these two sister nations should find grace enough to reach a peaceful settlement of an issue that at any other time in the world's history would have precipitated war. Following hard after the peace treaty of Japan and Russia, how manifest is the better way. Congress, concession, settlement, before the fight, not after the bloody devastation.

Rev. Earl M. Wilbur, President of the Oakland Theological School (Oakland, Cal.) solicits through the Pacific Unitarian files of UNITY for the library of that institution. He well says that it is easier to get hold of the books wanted than to complete the files of the newspapers. A list will be sent of numbers wanted from 1878 to 1904, or any broken files may be sent and they will be used to help in completing the desired file. The address of Mr. Wilbur is corner 14th and Castro Street, Oakland, California.

The library of the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati has recently been enriched by the addition of the private library of Dr. Kaiserling, a library peculiarly rich in books bearing on the story of the Jews in Spain and Portugal. This addition was made through the generosity of Mr. Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, a member of Dr. Hirsch's congregation and an active patron of the things that make for the betterment of the world, Jew or Gentile. We congratulate the Cincinnati library in the acquisition of the new books and Chicago in the development of a growing man.

It is refreshing to find the assurance from so eminent a source as that of Paul Sabatier, that France is not irreligious, that that country is passing through the process of a new orientation. It is humanity making a new survey of its bearings. The address of this Frenchman, delivered in London, printed in a recent number of the Contemporary Review, characterizes the spiritual triumphs of France as a discovery that "We are all members of one another," and this discoverey is made with such intensity that it requires the language of mysticism or poetry to express their sentiments and sensations. In justifying his thesis Mr. Sabatier distinguishes between the church and religion and offers as a sign of the new spiritual attitude the work of the "Union for moral action," the very name of which is a prophecy and an argument.

The Woman's Journal has discovered that Princess Victoria, daughter of the King of England, is raising cats for the market, and takes it as a hopeful sign. In this connection it tells of how Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller of Geneva, daughter of "the greatest land owner in western New York," for many years put up fruits and jellies for the market, using the profits for charity. Our exchange hopes that these examples will convince society that "there is nothing discreditable to any woman in doing any honest business." It is a good way from this timid concession to the true economic position which makes it very discreditable for any man or woman staying in this world without some direct contact with the business of living—personal contribution to the industrial life of the world. Those who eat unearned bread are parasites on the body civic and menace its future, whether they are beggars or dwellers at the other end of the social pole.

The report of the eleventh annual meeting of the Mohonk Lake Conference is before us. This year the subject was "International Arbitration." It is a goodly pamphlet of 180 pages. The list of speakers includes many of the leading preachers and teachers of the nation: Samuel J. Barrows, Benjamin F. Trueblood, Carroll D. Wright, Philip Moxom, Oscar S. Strauss, Lyman Abbott and many other names. These conferences held at Lake Mohonk under the auspices originally of two brothers, now of the one brother, Albert K. Smiley, represent a propaganda of international importance. The Smileys were Quakers; they believed in testimonies, and annually they have summoned to this high resort in Ulster county, New York, the friends of justice and of universal love, and bidding the same to prophesy, have wisely extended their message in the daily papers and in published pamphlets, a file of which would name a noble encyclopedia on the quest for the larger brotherhood.

In November next the New York State Conference of Religion will hold its sixth annual meeting at Rochester. The subjects selected for discussion are the following:

Our Definition of Religion.
The Limits of Religious Fellowship.
The Relation of the State to Religion.
Religious Changes; A Retrospect and Prospect.
Christian Morality.
The Civic Responsibility of Religious Men.
Public Iniquity and Religious Ostracism.
The University and Social Leadership.

This organization undertakes a propaganda within state limits similar to that undertaken by the Congress of Religion; it came into being soon after the organization of the Congress of Religion. A portion of the results of the five meetings already held are embodied in a series of five different pamphlets of great value, which can be obtained by addressing Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., for ten cents each. Those interested in contemporary religions will find in these books much that is illuminating.

The program of the International Council held at Geneva, August 28th to 31st, is before us. It is printed in French and English. The French name on the title page reads, "The third international congress of liberal and progressive Christians." The English gives the more elaborate and official name of "International Council of Unitarian and other liberal religious thinkers and workers." The French abbreviation is significant, but even in this abridged form there are too many adjectives. The word "liberal" scarcely indicates any denominational boundaries today, and those who affect the word "progressive" are oftentimes shamed by the intellectual enterprise and spiritual adventure of those who in their modesty dare not claim the word or to whom the adjective is denied by the more presumptuous advocates of progress. The old distinction between liberal and orthodox Christianity has but little significance in these days. The report of this Geneva Congress, by our correspondent, "M. E. H.," will be read with interest. We will not anticipate, but both subject and speakers justify the high name "international."

The Life of Rule and the Rule of Life.

President Hadley, in the baccalaureate address which we print in another column, has reached central things. Here is the fundamental principle of the new ethics, the philosophy of the inner life. Historical illustrations of the high distinction he draws are dangerous. The uses of terms are still more dangerous.

Dr. Hadley draws a clear antithesis. His terms may be inadequate. Academically speaking, the "Pharisees" may and doubtless did represent much of what Dr. Hadley calls the "Christian spirit," while the Christianity of history has had in it a large amount of "Pharisee" ethics as interpreted by Dr. Hadley. Historically and philosophically the word "Christian" is inadequate to represent this high rule of life, as "Pharisee" is an inadequate term to represent the "life of rule." Christianity holds no monopoly of those who have taken their orders from within, and it has itself fallen into the tyranny of the "life of rule," become a matter of precept, of form, of doctrine, creed and ritual.

But however inadequate and confusing terms may be, in the realms of ethics and philosophy any man has a right to elect his own vocabulary, if, like Dr. Hadley, he takes the pains to define the sense in which he uses the words.

Hence it is that we rejoice in this magnificent deliverance of the President of Yale College. When his distinction is clearly grasped, then the hot questions that now disturb the social world will be in the way of settlement. There are no "rules" that can dictate or measure the ethical life because life is not a static but a dynamic reality; it is always growing, and always growing from within. Hence ethics is always shifting and the pert epigrams which have been so much in evidence in recent discussions among the clerics concerning men and money are found not only inadequate but deceptive and demoralizing. It is not true that the one hundred cents in the dollar, the thirty-six inches in the yard, the sixteen ounces in the pound, represent the moralities of trade. A man's "dues" are not all paid when he cancels his notes, because a man's debts are not all indicated by the ledger. Dr. Hadley has brought out again with splendid power the principle so often set forth in these columns—that opportunities bring obligations, that nobility obligates; that undevout culture and unconsecrated wealth, however paid for, are a menace to society. They blight the individual and they curse society. The "rule of life" condemns and destroys the "life of rule," however high.

"Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account:
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

To see one's way clear through the intricacies of life, to be sure of one's next step, and of a few steps to follow—at eleven, or at threescore and ten—this is beatitude. *Agnes Repplier.*

When a man does a noble act date him from that, forget his faults, let his noble act be the standpoint from which you regard him. There is much that is good in the worst of men. *Dr. Bellows.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Trip Through Yellowstone Park.

It was a day drive of thirty-five miles from Old Faithful Inn to our next hotel on Yellowstone Lake. This lake is the largest navigable body of water at its altitude, 7,788 feet, in the world, and it is as pretty as it is large. In form it bears slight resemblance to a hand, one that would require a glove to cover 150 square miles. We took lunch on the Thumb of the Lake, and here, too, we took leave of the five-hole region, where there are about sixty hot springs and paint pots and a few geysers that have outlived their early geyserings and have settled down in old age to bubbles and steam. One, however, will never be forgotten.

MUD GEYSER.

It is in the side of a mountain near the road, a great black caldron steaming mud when it throws at all, but boiling all the time with such ferocity that the mud is splashed for yards about, and growls day and night like a den of wild beasts. This is the only one that is fenced to protect the public, and even then you shudder when you look into its depths and want to grab a tree, a shrub, a blade of grass or something to hold you on to God's land. The mud slinger, whether under the ground or on top of it, is not the best fellow to meet. We had one, sat right beside us at Lunch Station, and nothing was right. It was a fling here at the food, another at the bed, another at the transportation company, another at Uncle Sam, and at the next hotel a dispatch came from headquarters, "Fling that fellow out of the park. Give him a special conveyance and get him out as soon as possible." His name was Blank and he was not from Boston, but from a city next in alphabetical order, whose streets you and I have walked and sometimes in noise and substance they were not unlike Mud Geyser.

THE PINES.

Now our scenery changes. From Thumb to Lake Hotel the road, superbly built, is hewn out of the forests. One is everywhere amazed at the fallen timber. It would seem as though some great tornado or rather series of tornadoes had swept over that region and bared every mountain. There they lie and between these thickly strewn trunks and largely concealing them have grown up the new forests of beautiful Norway pines. It's a graveyard of unburied trees, with little evidence of decay. Fathers and mothers passing on to make way for coming generations, and the children tenderly watching over their own.

Another peculiarity is a strange tumorous growth on the pines for a distance perhaps of six miles on the road. These are not black, like the knots on cherry or plum trees of the east, but great wens, the color of the bark, ranging in size from a fist to a half bushel. Why they are not found in other parts of the park or why found at all is something for science to make known.

FISHING.

Yellowstone Lake is the place to fish, or to pretend to fish. You will not need any tackle. Just take a boat and go to a certain inlet, where the wise ones may direct, and let the fish jump up and tumble in onto you. Keep perfectly composed. Don't shy. Be careful not to overload the boat. Move out at the proper time. Let your wife string them on the way back and on landing whistle to the boys to come and carry your load, then march behind them across the long piazza, modestly, yet proudly, amid the plaudits of the newly arrived. This is the way I think it is done. But at any rate it is just as believable. The tourists catch the fish and the bears eat them. We did not enter this contest; most too fishy for fun.

BEARDOM.

We took our fun with the bears, sat with them on a cushionless log, laughed at them, cheered them when we dared until the stars came out. And somehow one does not get weary of it. "Is that Dr. Thomas the divine watching the bears?" was whispered somewhere in the rear. "Divine or not, he is mightily interested in them." And so he was. "Now," he and our friend Mr. M., whose guest we were, would say: "Now you ladies may go out and watch as long as you please," as though it were a feminine weakness to see bears. "But we are through with bears." And just as often and with stronger emphasis would come, "Get your hats; hurry up! Now is the best time," and off we would go.

Mr. Bruin appropriated the garbage dumps for his banqueting hall. It was near the forests to the rear of the hotel. At first a half-grown, black, clumsy fellow would loaf in from the brush and unconscious of an audience would tumble the cans and dead fish over with the assurance of one who eats with his feet under his own table. Then another about his size and build appeared, twins, likely, and the two would work away in peaceful enjoyment. Then the ears of something peeped over the bushes. This seemed worth while. We held our breath and so did the twins. A large bear we thought, and so did they. The ears moved forward, but no sound from the padded foot, no sound to the dull ear of man, but to the bear ear or the bear nose, I do not know which, a mighty ticklish condition was approaching. The Blackies lifted themselves on their haunches, heads erect, ears forward, and swung as on a pivot from side to side as gracefully as a gull sweeps the sea. The bear is clumsy only in indolence or confinement. Give him his freedom and wild conditions and he is the equal in grace of any of the forest's kings. Suddenly a big Cinnamon came forth, thick, brown, glossy coat, fat and sleek and marched right toward that supper table. The twins snorted and ducked and made for the brush. They had had that experience before and knew what to do. Etiquette forbade discussion. It was theirs to hide in the nearest thicket, and when Cinnamon had finished his repast to come back for dessert. That would seem well planned if— Alas for the "ifs." They arise even in beardom. Another Cinnamon slips up from the rear, larger and fatter than the first. No. 1 stops his pawing, gives a sniff, turns toward the intruder and then smiles, or seems to, and says: "Come on, pard, we have met before." This condition is not hopeful for the watchers behind the brush. The more bear to eat, the more bare the eating. But there is plenty as yet, and the Brownies are doing their best while glasses and kodaks and eyes without number are leveled upon them. After a time they began to get uneasy, restless, nervous—bashful, we thought—so many eyes upon them, so many compliments tossed about. One darted toward the woods, then came back; then both darted and both came back. They looked and looked, and looked right at us, and mad, too. What if they should dart into the crowd, not over 30 yards away? No fence; it could easily be done. But the real cause of their perturbance hove in sight over

the hill and is now bounding toward the feast. What is finer than a mammoth Silver Tip on a keen jump, grace and strength and symmetry and life and to the spectator an element of uncertainty most fascinating. He does not loaf; he leaps, and the fellow in his way does not loaf either. He is like the soldier General Gordon used to tell about who, when the firing began, took to his heels. The Captain shouted, "Look here, what are you running for?" "Running, running," said the fellow, out of breath, "running because I can't fly." The Cinnamon family did not fly, but the tin cans flew, and that glossy brown fur, straight on end, was lost in the woods.

And now Silver Tip has the field. But he is not wholly selfish. It is largely a case of me and my wife, my son John, when he is too little or too big to cuff, and there it ends. I think the relatives by marriage had to take a back seat. Several came and were allowed to scavage around the edge, the boundary lines being marked by well-defined growls. Presently the curtain rung in a new act. The smaller Silver Tips sniffed the air and moved at safe distance; the largest held the fort, when Mother Silver Tip with her little trundling trot appeared. And both, without stretching it at all, were hungry as bears. She doesn't bring that precious bit of cub life out during midday, and when it comes, woe to the one who stands in her way. They tell us that motherhood is reverenced in wild animal life. It may be, but I know why those gentlemen doffed their hats to Madam. She arose in the air and surveyed the situation. Never a finer sight. Splendid in form and movement and suppressed emotion. There was the crowd at the banquet and a crowd of spectators around it. It called for generalship, and she responded. "Chew, chew," she went like an overwrought engine, and baby took to the tree. He understood it, and so did we. She said: "Sonny, I've got a job on hand. You make yourself scarce." Again "chew, chew," and sonny dodged up another notch. Then she reconnoitered on all fours, sniffing and growling, and each growl sent the youngster a limb higher. High on her haunches again, and higher bobbed the baby until, when the top was reached, the decisive moment came, and Madam charged on the sentinel of the garbage pile. There was no need of a second charge; he dodged, ran, turned back, made a feint at fight and then through respect of motherhood, I suppose, evacuated. The mother whined tenderly toward the top of the tree and down tumbled the little fellow and was soon smacking his chops over the dainty repast, while on a knoll near by a couple dozen gulls were patiently waiting their turn at the same feast. How I have rambled along over the way and still not yet to the end. Next week I'll promise to stop; "stop," as Emerson said, "but not finish."

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

The Well.

All day they dipped its wealth away—
The thirsty world—and cried,
"How low it lies!" Yet morning gray
Again their need supplied.

All secretly the waters steal
Into God's wells at night.
Who can the hidden ways reveal
By which He sends delight?

See, Lord, this empty well, my heart!
The long day dips it dry.
New strength still secretly impart
While in Thy dark I lie.

—*Anna Burnham Bryant, in the Congregationalist.*

THE PULPIT.

Pharisee or Christian.

The Standard of Conventionality and the Standard of Idealism.

THE ADDRESS OF ARTHUR T. HADLEY, PRESIDENT OF YALE, TO THE GRADUATING CLASS, DELIVERED IN WOOLSEY HALL, JUNE 25.

"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

REPRINTED FROM YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY.

What was the essential characteristic of the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees?

It was this: the scribes and Pharisees made morality, and even religion a matter of rules and conventions. They looked for nothing higher and cared for nothing better than a system of observances which they had inherited from their fathers. This system was not in itself a bad one. The Pharisees had a more enlightened code of conduct than any of their contemporaries or than most of the peoples who have come after them. This code inculcated in high degree the virtues of cleanliness and religious observance and of obedience to public and private law. It laid some emphasis on the more fundamental virtues of justice and reasonableness. It was based on a philosophy in which God and a future life were essential articles of faith. Doubtless there were among the ranks of the Pharisees many hypocrites, who used the forms of religion and of morality as a cloak for their vices and sins; but there is no reason to believe that the proportion of such men was greater than has always existed in any society where righteousness has been sufficiently valued to make it worth while to put counterfeits into circulation.

Why, then, does devotion to a good system of rules and observances like that of the Pharisees lead its followers astray?

Partly because the practice of relying upon rules and conventions, however good, lessens a man's power of meeting the unforeseen emergencies and crises of life. Next to the boy who comes to college with bad habits, the one who is in most danger is he who has had such superlatively good habits that an infraction of a single one of them breaks down the barrier upon which he has relied, and leaves him without a system of inner defenses. There are two kinds of degeneracy: one which comes from too little reliance upon law, another which comes from too much. The man whom we commonly call a degenerate suffers from the former cause. He has broken so many laws that law as a whole ceases to have authority over him, and he becomes powerless to resist temptation from any quarter. But there are and always have been degenerates of the opposite type—men who have kept the laws they were taught to obey until such laws become the only authority which controls them and the only standard which they recognize, and they are powerless to feel the stimulus of anything better. There is a point beyond which drill ceases to be a help and becomes a hindrance; there is a set of circumstances where the person who has been subjected to too much control is as helpless as the one who has been subjected to too little.

Every college man, as he goes out into the world, is exposed to a change of atmosphere not unlike that through which he passed in coming from school to college. If during his college life he has come to

identify goodness with the keeping of a complex set of rules and observances, he is in great danger. It is almost inevitable that under the new conditions which he meets he will disobey some of these rules or disregard some of these observances. If he has placed his trust in keeping the letter of the law, the breaking of one rule is apt to be followed by the breaking of a great many others. This experience is a typical one. Every man and every race which relies for protection on the text of the law rather than on its spirit is menaced by this risk of complete failure in emergencies.

But even if no emergencies or crises arise which stretch our rules to the breaking point, there is another and more insidious series of dangers which beset the man whose morality and religion are matters of rules alone. The keeping of definite rules produces self-satisfaction; and self-satisfaction is but one step short of moral stagnation. Few of us realize how hard it is to escape this peril, or how much harm it does to its victims.

It is inevitable that a body of men brought up together and working in harmony with one another should value their rules and creeds and codes of law. To a certain extent it is right and wise, as well as inevitable. For all these things represent the summarized experience of the past. A ritual is a set of observances which past generations have gradually accumulated because they found them valuable in promoting a reverent and religious frame of mind. A creed is a set of propositions which past generations have collected because they found them useful in helping people toward a working philosophy of life. A code is a set of laws which past generations have established because they found them effective in securing that orderly conduct which is the basis of good morals. Any man who recklessly throws aside these means of promoting religion and morality is lacking alike in reverence and in practical wisdom. But it is easy to exalt these things into a place for which they were never intended; to make them ends instead of means, goals of human progress instead of steps in human progress. A man may take such satisfaction in the observance of a religious form that he ceases to value the religious spirit. He may repeat the words of a creed until he cares more for the words than for the meaning. He may obey a code of laws so implicitly that he refuses to recognize the need of any moral authority outside of that code.

Poor Christian, in Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, is forever stumbling into this kind of pitfall. The very intensity of his desire to be good makes him overvalue any step, real or apparent, in the direction of goodness, and think that he has practically reached the end when he has only grasped a more or less imperfect means. He has a burden of sin, of which he would be rid. He hears that Mr. Legality has skill in relieving people of such burdens, and he follows Mr. Legality until a mountain threatens to fall upon his head. At a later stage of his journey he goes to sleep in his satisfaction at being half way up the Hill Difficulty, and loses the roll which was to give him admission to the Celestial City. Again, he is so puffed up with the knowledge which he has received at the Palace Beautiful that the next stages of his journey are fraught with perils which he himself has created; and he finds the weapons which were given him in that palace a most uncertain defense against the assaults of Apollyon. Not until the end of his career, when he is fit to pass into the kingdom of heaven, has his experience taught him to keep awake on the Enchanted Ground of convention and business usage, and to preserve himself from that sleep into which many pilgrims, safely past the physical trials and dangers of the way, fall, never more to awake.

Never more to awake; for the sleep of conventionality is of all slumbers the most fatal. Life is progress —perpetual adaptation to new conditions. The self-satisfaction which leads a man to be content with the old is the beginning of death. The apparent excellence of a result actually attained, the mistakes and errors involved in imperfect efforts to advance to better results, must not be allowed to obscure our view of this truth. No man, however far and however well he has managed the voyage of life, can afford to rest complacent in what he has achieved. The best of us, said an old sea captain, has made mistakes enough to throw him half a point off his course; and if a man is half a point off his course the light which he fondly believes to be the harbor entrance marks the reef on which he is going to destruction.

The Doctor Faustus of mediæval legend was a man who bargained his soul away to the devil for a brief season of indulgence in riotous living and the practice of black arts of magic. Not so with the modern Faust —the Faust whom Goethe saw and knew. His fall comes not through magic arts that fail to meet his soul's longings, or sensual pleasures whose last taste is bitterness. His fall is to come whenever, in the gradual unfolding of his life's plans, he shall profess himself satisfied with what he has already attained. "Then let the clock stand still; his time is o'er." It is not his mistakes that will lose his soul. Mistakes are the inevitable incident in all efforts toward something better than has hitherto been attained. It is the renunciation of the effort itself, the lack of accessibility to higher hopes and higher ambitions, which is the sin against the Holy Ghost that sets the seal of moral death upon the human soul.

A man of bad antecedents and surroundings who recognizes that they are bad, has higher possibilities than the man who lives under much better rules but sees neither need nor room for improvement. For him whose ideals are ahead of his practice, even if that practice is low, there is always hope. For him who has sunk his ideals to the level of his practice, even if that practice is high, there is no hope at all.

"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

"I tell you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Are we going to rest content with being Pharisees, or are we really trying to be Christians? Let each of us look into his own heart to-day, and find the answer. What is your ideal of success in life? Is it to become a reputable member of good society, and achieve substantial results in the way of fortune, family and friends, on which you can look with increasing complacency? Or is it to try to make the world better by a struggle which will be full of dangers and mistakes and misunderstandings, and in which to the very end of life you are likely to remain far from the realization of your highest hopes? In the former case you are a Pharisee, no matter how much you may try to dis-

guise the fact. In the latter case you are a Christian, no matter what doubts may hold you back from venturing to call yourself by that name.

If you choose the part of the Pharisee you will probably get something of the success which you desire; but in the very process of getting it you will become constantly narrower and meaner. Your ideals, limited from the first, will tend to become more limited as the years go on. You will get so far apart from the big movements of human thought and human sympathy that you will come to distrust them and to fear them. In all efforts for moral progress you will become an obstructionist instead of a leader. Content with your position in the front ranks of society, you will seek to keep things where they are, dreading a movement for the better almost as much as you would dread a movement for the worse, because any movement will menace the life of sterile satisfaction to which you have become accustomed.

If you choose the part of the Christian, your life will be a hard one. You will have to fight those who are opposed to you and sometimes be beaten, which is bad enough. You will be misunderstood by those who should be on your side, which is worse. You will make mistakes of your own in judging where the right really lies, which is worst of all. But through defeats and mistakes and misunderstandings you will all the time be growing into something larger than you were before. You yourselves indeed will no more be satisfied with your powers and achievements ten or twenty years hence than you are at the beginning; for your ideals of what a man should be and do will have grown as your work grows. But others about you will feel the change and will be increasingly ready to work with you and under you. To you they will look for leadership and counsel in the movements that are really great—the movements which do not seek to advance one man at the expense of another, but to carry the whole world forward to something better than it has known in the past. You may not, and unless some grave emergency arises that puts the insignia of power into your hands you probably will not, know how much men trust you. The greatness of the Christian is just as unconscious as the smallness of the Pharisee. The standards and ideals which help him to be great prevent him from rating his own achievements as highly as those about him are glad to do. But far though they be beyond his reach, they give him the steadiness of purpose which enables him, through life and through death, to face the future undisturbed and confident.

There was a man among the apostles who, more than all others, had tested the possibilities of both these ways of living; and he it is who speaks most emphatically of them all, concerning the wrongness of the one and the rightness of the other. Paul of Tarsus was born and bred a Pharisee, under conditions which gave him every advantage for working out life's problems on that basis if the thing was possible. In his own person he combined the best that three civilizations could give—the morals of the Jews, the philosophy of the Greeks, the law of the Romans. He knew how to use them all; and he added to them, from boyhood up, a sort of hunger for righteousness, a desire to do as well as he could the work which was laid upon him—a zeal for God, to use his own words, though not according to knowledge. But in the midst of his career as a Pharisee he was suddenly brought to see the meaning of Christ's life and doctrine. He saw that a man could not render his account to God by reckoning up his good deeds as so many credits to himself. He saw that he must forget himself and think for others. He saw that he must forget the past and look to the future. He abandoned the attempt to find a definite standard to which he could conform and be satisfied to conform; and he accepted instead, fully and unreservedly, the obligation to do everything that he could for God and for his fellow men. He entered upon a life where righteousness was not measured by a man's success or failure in keeping rigid rules, but by his singleminded devotion to an ideal outside of himself which inspired him to larger attempts, and in the long run to larger performances, than any system of rules could have contemplated. That his own achievements as a Christian were great, he could not deny. Even before his death they were beginning to stand out large on the pages of history. But they remained so small in proportion to his vision of what he wanted to do that they never filled his mental horizon as they would have filled the horizon of a Pharisee. Their greatness sometimes served him as a means of casting ridicule on the boastings of others who tried to make their own lesser achievements a basis on which to erect monuments to their own righteousness; they never tempted him to erect a monument to himself. More than any other apostle he preached the doctrine of justification by faith—the doctrine that a man is saved not by the things that he has done, however important these may be as evidences of his purpose in life, but by that devotion to things outside of him and beyond him which should dominate his whole life from beginning to end, and consecrate it to the service of God.

Gentlemen of the graduating class: To the college man more than to any one else this broad view of Christian duty should appeal. He of all mankind has least occasion for Pharisaic complacency. The self-made man, who by his own efforts has risen from the bottom of the ladder, may have a certain amount of excuse for dwelling on his own achievements. Such as they are, he can at least claim them for his own. You can make no such claim. The life which you have lived and are going to live has been made possible for you by the efforts of your fathers. What you do represents for the most part not an achievement but an indebtedness—an indebtedness which, with God's help, you are going to repay by transmitting in turn to your sons the possibilities of wider life and more intelligent faith.

This debt to the past and this duty to the future is something which we have tried to keep in view during all your education here. Not by the class-room alone and not by the teaching force alone, but by the whole atmosphere of the place and the inspiration of its graduates, dead and living, we have striven to take you outside of yourselves and make your life a part of the life of ages. You have not come here solely or primarily to learn how to make what the world calls a success. Many of you in the years to come will be reproached with the fact that your power of getting money or office has not been increased in proportion to the time that you have spent in this place. So far as this reproach is based upon any actual waste of our time in idleness, we must take it severely to heart. But so far as it is due to the fact that we make public service instead of self-service the measure of success, we may well glory in the reproach.

In science the pursuit of truth is more important

that the pursuit of gain. In the history of every nation the self-sacrifice of its members counts for more than their self-aggrandizement. The worth of a man's life is to be measured not by the things which he has done for himself, but by the things which he has done for the world around him and after him. Every man who has consecrated his life to an ideal larger than he can hope to compass has the kind of faith which moves the world; whether he calls it faith in God, or faith in duty, or shrinks from calling it by any name at all and goes on living for his fellow men without ever being able to formulate the reason why. Each man finds his highest spiritual development, not by working out his own salvation alone and for himself, but by losing the thought of self in the thought of others. This is the Christian life; this is the faith by which men are saved.

Helen Keller's Optimism, the Right Way of Living.

Helen Keller is a beautiful spirit in whom we have all been interested from the beauty of her disposition and the achievement she has made of seeing without eyes, and hearing without ears. She is a modern instance of the grace of the inner life. She has attained knowledge by the help of a devoted friend, and she enjoys much that many have not dreamed of as worth the possessing.

She is the teacher of us all in the right way of taking hold of life and making the most of the talents entrusted to our care. At twenty-four years old she is accomplished far beyond many of her seemingly more fortunate sisters, who have passed over the same road of education, but who with their open eyes have not observed so much as she who passes along with apparently closed eyes. This appeals to me with a fascinating interest, that will not let go of me till I take into my life the meaning of such conquest of conditions, and such assertion of the soul to the possession of its own kingdom whatever enemy may stand without, threatening its peace and rule.

No man with such an example before him has any right to sit down and bemoan his fate as having no relief, as having no possibility of good. He is shut off by Helen Keller from such pitiful show of cowardice; he is inspired by her to see if he cannot make even his loss a ladder by which to ascend to greatness. It is that sort of improvement we can all practice, because it is the steady gain of the days and the years that made her what she is of sweetness and light. I wish you to religiously admire the teaching and preaching of a life you all know something about—but may not have thought of as a particular appeal to you to strive more nobly for the expression of what becomes the true man and woman with their native powers under direct control of faith and love. Read the book written by her, "The Story of My Life"—wherein the whole course of her career is unfolded by herself and her teacher, Miss Anne Mansfield Sullivan. It is intensely interesting and instructive, and you will be blest with the impress of it which makes you feel that thankfulness is the true tone of life. The story is a thousand and one sermons against grumbling and despondency and being a quitter. A man would not be so mean as to back down from his duty when he sees what a girl can do under the good guidance of living we have now.

I commend her life to you because that gives weight to the little volume on "Optimism." These essays on how to look at the world were written for the Ladies' Home Journal. The editor, Mr. Bok, has done much for her and gave her the chance of winning a home for herself by her pen. It was a great gladness to her to discover she was not shut off from the opportunity of making her mark as a writer. And her word comes with the more force because of her deprivations. She believes the world is good and lovely, that life is worth the living and that we have everything to be thankful for as we continue on our way. This is optimism or belief in the best, and at no time in the world's history has this outlook been so urgently needed. The blind poet Milton undertook to justify the ways of God to man, but only as poetry does it appeal to us. This blind girl has a sweet persuasiveness about our world being the best, and to her we may profitably listen.

There are two kinds of people in the world, and I look at them as the fruit on the tree in the early or latter stage. Green fruit is proverbally bitter and hard—that represents the Pessimist. Ripe fruit is golden and sweet—that represents the Optimist. It has come to its own high value because of the sunshine that has permeated its nature, and it is good as food for man. The sour disposition will mellow in the course of time, but it seems as if the soul might of its own accord let the sunshine into its nature, and be in tune with the Infinite, while at the same time it is friendly with all its neighbors. We want a happy race of men, who look on the bright side of things—and then work for it.

Helen Keller says: "Most of us regard happiness as the proper end of all earthly enterprise. The will to be happy animates alike the philosopher, the prince and the chimney-sweep. No matter how dull, or how mean, or how wise a man is, he feels that happiness is his indisputable right."

That is the way she begins this question—in the root of our nature is the longing for the sunshine that we may come to the flower of joy.

She lovingly turns back to the first nineteen months of her childhood, before her sickness that deprived her of sight and hearing, and rejoices in the fact that then "she had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out."

Is it not well to keep these first benefits in mind? It is so wonderful to come into possession of our faculties, to awaken as it were from a dream and find we are in a world that was all waiting for our recognition and work. Poetry is the wonder of life, romance is the feeling of interest in its happiness—and there it all was as we opened our eyes to the light. The house where we were born was Eden, and instinctively we came to the conclusion that it was good to live.

There is a story of a little fellow asking all manner of questions as his mother put him to bed, and after all had been patiently answered, he had asked for the last drink of water, and as she was carefully and quietly folding his garments, he said: "Mother, how was it I first met you?"

However we come, whether as Plato and Wordsworth say from other worlds, passing through them as children at school pass from room to room, it is still good to have the awakening consciousness that we are not intruders into the universe. We are part of its integrity, and it would not be complete without us. Drive that home as the first conviction of

existence and you have become an Optimist with this bright girl, as well as with our Emerson and the souls that walk in his light.

People are not bad if they know themselves—how can they be if they recognize the truth that they are of the intelligent spirituality of the universe; in other words, that they are of God? To be an optimist you have got to work from this side of your nature and let the other go. Then you are working from the something you are to the more you may be. Ian Maclaren tells this story of how a blind girl of Drumtochty looked out on the world:

"If I dinna see"—and she spoke as if it were a matter of doubt, and she were making a concession for argument's sake—"there's naebody in the glen can hear like me.

"There's no footstep of a Drumtochty man comes to the door but I ken his name; and there's no voice out on the road that I canna tell. The birds sing sweeter to me than to anybody else, and I can hear them cheeping to one another in the bushes before they go to sleep. And the flowers smell sweeter to me—the roses and the carnations and the bonny mossrose—and I judge that the oatcake and milk taste the richer because I dinna see them. Na, na, ye're no to think that I've been ill-treated by my God, for if he didna give me ae thing he gave me mony things instead.

"And, mind ye, it's no as if I'd seen once and lost my sight; that micht ha' been a trial and my faith micht ha' failed. I've lost nothing; my life has been all getting."

Oh, I find a wonderful help to my optimism in this thought—it is all a gift, and yet by God, I am made a partner in the getting of it. The gift and the receiving is all of love. And if we will have it so—in the simple and abundant is an adequate supply of joy for us all. Stopford H. Brooke sings:

"A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

"A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream,
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy."

And thus we have advanced our argument of optimism from the basis that the beginning of it is in God, the All-Good, and therefore the continuance of it is good; the processes of its unfoldment are good.

This seems the discovery of our day. It is not, for Jesus taught it most plainly and emphatically and in the face of all that seems to contradict it.

Helen Keller tells how sad her life seemed before she had the instruction that brought her to herself and the rapture of living. But then how could she be a pessimist with the world growing brighter all the while? She had gained something of the inner light that no darkness can quench.

She says: "So my optimism is no mild and unreasoning satisfaction. A poet once said I must be happy because I did not see the bare, cold present, but lived in a beautiful dream. I do live in a beautiful dream; but that dream is the actual, the present —not cold, but warm; not bare, but furnished with a thousand blessings. The very evil which the poet supposed would be a cruel disillusionment, is necessary to the fullest knowledge of joy. Only by contact with evil could I have learned to feel by contrast the beauty of truth and love and goodness."

So we have not to picture her in silence and darkness of night; she is really a daughter of the day, and we ought to be of her kindred. The pictures I've seen of her give a pleasant face and sweet and happy thoughts seem running in her mind. How pleased she was with all her friends, and how the great Philosopher Brooks brought joy to her in really giving her what is Unitarianism. She says: "Once, when I was puzzled to know why there were so many religions, he said: 'There is one universal religion, Helen, the religion of love. Love your Heavenly Father with your whole heart and soul; love every child of God as much as ever you can, and remember that the possibilities of good are greater than the possibilities of evil, and you have the Key to Heaven.'"

She continues: "Bishop Brooks taught me no special creed or dogma, but he impressed upon my mind two great ideas—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and made me feel that these truths underlie all creeds and forms of worship. God is love, God is our Father; we are His children; therefore the darkest clouds will break, and though right be worsted, wrong shall not triumph."

This conviction for a girl is certainly wonderful; her teachers have appealed to the music of her heart and found response. There is a story of Richard the Lion-hearted, that as he was hurrying home from the Holy Land, during the Crusades, called to a swift journey by hearing how his kingdom was in jeopardy from traitors, he was waylaid in Austria and confined in a castle far from the beaten track. Then a minstrel of his court set out to find him. He wandered hither and thither, singing a song he knew his master would reply to if he heard; and so at last the king's whereabouts were known, his ransom obtained and he set at liberty to come to his own. Helen has responded in this happy way to her several teachers, and is now in the enjoyment of the kingdom of good given her by her philosophy of optimism.

We are only all beginners in this, but it is pleasant to start on the eternal way. It makes this life beautiful that we are concerned with; it brings hope to the heart and gladness to the face, and gladness is beauty. I wish we would practice it, for that is the practice of immortality. It is worth a great deal to have this brightening of cheerfulness. I like the story of one who had seen much trouble going to the photographer to have her picture taken, and who was admonished to look a little pleasanter, when she replied, "It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face."

"Oh, no, it doesn't. It is something to be worked from the inside. Try it again." And she caught her cue from his faith and was a success. Looking at the picture, years seemed to have rolled away from her, and it gave her the encouragement to look a little pleasanter every day. Her neighbors asked her how she managed to be getting young again.

She said: "It is almost all done from the inside. You must brighten up inside and feel pleasant."

And if we can do it for time we can do it for eternity. If this life is good, we can trust the rest. Helen Keller says: "I am too happy in this world to think much about the future, except to remember that I have cherished friends awaiting me there in

God's beautiful somewhere. In spite of the lapse of years, they seem so close to me that I should not think it strange if at any moment they should clasp my hand and speak words of endearment as they used to before they went away."

Ah, even so—the hope is there and the tenderness of the future, and when she first met Oliver Wendell Holmes—she touching a volume of Tennyson, began to recite:

> "Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray stones, O sea!"

and found that tears were falling on her hand from the good doctor, who sensed so keenly the poet's sentiments. Yet if we can learn the lesson of trust and delight just for today, then we can lie down to pleasant dreams and await God's call in the new morning of that great awakening. My plea is that this blind girl shall teach us to be thankful for what we are and what God has given to us—and to hope for the beautiful things that somewhere, some day may be ours.

> "I know not whence I came,
> I know not whither I go,
> But the fact stands clear that I am here
> In this world of pleasure and woe;
> And out of the mist and mirk,
> Another truth shines plain—
> It is in my power each day and hour
> To add to its joy or pain.
>
> "I know that the earth exists,
> It is none of my business why,
> I cannot find out what it is all about,
> I would but waste time to try;
> My life is a brief, brief thing.
> I am here for a little space,
> And while I stay, I would like, if I may,
> To brighten and better the place."

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Senator Hoar's "Bird" Petition.

Remarkable Document That Secured a Law Against Wearing Birds on Women's Hats.

The petition which was instrumental in getting the Massachusetts laws prohibiting the wearing of song and insectivorous birds on women's hats is said to have been written by Senator Hoar. The petition read as follows:

"To the Great and General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: We, the song birds of Massachusetts and their play-fellows, make this our humble petition. We know more about you than you think we do. We know how good you are. We have hopped about the roofs and looked in at the windows of the houses you have built for poor and sick and hungry people, and little lame and deaf and blind children. We have built our nests in the trees and sung many a song as we flew about the gardens and parks you have made so beautiful for your children, especially your poor children, to play in. Every year we fly a great way over the country, keeping all the time where the sun is bright and warm. And we know that whenever you do anything the other people all over this great land between the seas and the great lakes find it out, and pretty soon will try to do the same. We know. We know.

"We are Americans just the same as you are. Some of us, like some of you, came across the great sea. But most of the birds like us have lived here a long while; and the birds like us welcomed your fathers when they came here many, many years ago. Our fathers and mothers have always done their best to please your fathers and mothers.

"Now we have a sad story to tell you. Thoughtless or bad people are trying to destroy us. They kill us because our feathers are beautiful. Even pretty and sweet girls who we should think would be our best friends, kill our brothers and children so that they may wear our plumage on their hats. Sometimes people kill us for mere wantonness. Cruel boys destroy our nests and steal our eggs and our young ones. People with guns and snares lie in wait to kill us; as if the place for a bird were not in the sky, alive, but in a shop window or in a glass case. If this goes on much longer all our song birds will be gone. Already we are told in some other countries that used to be full of birds they are now almost gone. Even the nightingales are being killed in Italy.

"Now we humbly pray that you will stop all this and will save us from this sad fate. You have already made a law that no one shall kill a harmless song bird or destroy our nests or our eggs. Will you please make another one that no one shall wear our feathers, so that no one shall kill us to get them? We want them all ourselves. Your pretty girls are pretty enough without them. We are told that it is as easy for you to do it as for a blackbird to whistle.

"If you will, we know how to pay you a hundred times over. We will teach your children to keep themselves clean and neat. We will show them how to live together in peace and love and to agree as we do in our nests. We will build pretty houses which you will like to see. We will play about your garden and flowerbeds—ourselves like flowers on wings—without any cost to you. We will destroy the wicked insects and worms that spoil your cherries and currants and plums and apples and roses. We will give you our best songs, and make the spring more beautiful and the summer sweeter to you. Every June morning when you go out into the field, oriole and bluebird and blackbird and bobolink will fly after you and make the day more delightful to you. And when you go home tired after sundown vesper sparrow will tell you how grateful we are. When you sit down on your porch after dark, fifebird and hermit thrush and wood thrush will sing to you; and even whippoorwill will cheer you up a little. We know where we are safe. In a little while all the birds will come to live in Massachusetts again, and everybody who loves music will like to make a summer home with you."

The signers are:

Brown thrasher,	King bird,
Robert o' Lincoln,	Swallow,
Vesper sparrow,	Cedar bird,
Hermit thrush,	Cow bird,
Robin redbreast,	Martin,
Song sparrow,	Veery,
Scarlet tanager,	Vireo,
Summer redbird,	Oriole,
Blue heron,	Blackbird,
Humming bird,	Fife bird,
Yellow bird,	Wren,
Whippoorwill,	Linnet,
Water wagtail,	Peewee,
Woodpecker,	Phoebe,
Pigeon woodpecker,	Yoke bird,
Indigo bird,	Lark,
Yellow throat,	Sandpiper,
Wilson's thrush,	Chewink.
Chickadee,	

It was not only the evil that men do which lived after them but the good also lived, laying upon the future a more powerful obligation to virtue than any bond to vice that evil could impose.

W. D. Howells.

If it be possible, as much as in you lieth, be at peace with all men.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—No one need put up with wrong that he can remedy.

MON.—The trouble in civilized life of entertaining company, as it is called too generally without much regard to strict veracity, is so great that it cannot but be matter of wonder that people are so fond of attempting it.

TUES.—The public is defrauded when it is purposely misled.

WED.—He knew nothing of that beautiful love which can be true to a false friend.

THURS.—A man in the right relies easily on his rectitude, and therefore goes about unarmed. His very strength is his weakness. A man in the wrong knows that he must look to his weapons. His very weakness is his strength. The one is never prepared for combat, the other is always ready.

FRI.—We are all inclined to magnify the bugbears which frighten us.

SAT.—We rarely understand how to treat our own sorrow or those of others. *Anthony Trollope.*

Building Blocks.

When Bobby has the building blocks,
A battery he rears,
And then such thundering cannon shocks
And firing as one hears!
The dollies shiver in their socks
When Bobby has the building blocks.

When Barbara has the blocks, we know
A bake-shop we shall see,
With bun and biscuit, row on row;
The dollies all must be
In apron clad and kitchen frocks
When Barbara has the building blocks.

When Benny has the blocks, be sure
He'll play at engineer,
With railroad trains in miniature;
The dollies all appear
As tourists now, with bag and box,
When Benny has the building blocks.

When Baby Betty has the blocks
A bed we always spy,
Away with cannons, cups, and crocks,
And choo-choo cars—"Bye Bye."
Her darlings all to sleep she rocks
When Baby Betty has the blocks.

—Rose Mills Powers in The Pilgrim for July.

Men Discover the Value of "Hand Work."

A prominent Chicago physician, famous as a nerve specialist in many cities, has long tried to induce his nervous feminine patients to take up knitting or some other form of old-fashioned needlework purely for the soothing, restful effects to be obtained from interested use of the flashing needles or other "fancy work" implements, and of the attractive silken or linen threads so deftly manipulated. Sometimes this wise physician has advised similar occupations for nervous, overworked, overtired men.

"There is something ineffably soothing and refreshing in the work of knitting," so runs the theory at the base of this novel treatment, "with just enough of mental and physical occupation to keep the brain free from stagnating or from indulging in distressing habitual thought."

Now comes the knowledge that many of the world's great masculine thinkers have discovered the restful, helpful influence of the simple handiwork by assistance of which their grandmothers and perhaps mothers comforted so many sorrows, "thought out" so many grave problems. It is interesting to know that several of the men of genius now much in the public eye can wield knitting needles with skill and decision, and know something of another kind of sewing than that regretfully associated with wild oats.

Santos-Dumont, the airship genius, loves both knitting and embroidery, does both with skill and enjoyment. Many a knotty point in aerial science has been cleared up or worked out at the point of the knitting pin, as it were, traced to a satisfactory solution by means of the minute needle and weblike gleaming thread that creates delicate embroidered designs and flowers.

J. Cathcart Wason, noted as the tallest member of the British Parliament, and a mighty angler and sportsman, not only loves knitting but has many times dared to carry his "knitting work" into the House of Commons with him. It is always stockings, moreover, that Mr. Wason knits.

Gen. Edward F. Jones, veteran soldier, statesman, manufacturer of scales, is another modern individual, clearly important and "worth while," who believes in knitting.

"I learned to knit about six months ago," says the doughty old warrior. "I found it took up some of my time when alone, or when I didn't care to be read to. I didn't find it hard to learn, and now it's easy."

Sailors often use the needle cleverly, and the Hungarian shepherds, while tending their flocks, make striking embroideries upon unbleached calico with red or blue ingrained cotton, as also do the Russian peasants of certain localities. Many Scotchmen are capable knitters, and think no scorn of helping the women of the family make shawls, stockings, scarfs or mittens. Among well-bred Englishmen there is at present a decided fancy for art needlework, more than one masculine pupil recently having been admitted to the embroidery classes of the Toral School of Art Needlework at South Kensington.

A number of the finest, most distinguished masculine "art craft" workers of present day America take pleasure in similar efforts. At the unusually effective Chicago exhibition of arts and crafts experiments and endeavors, held at the Art Institute in December, 1904, were shown a number of strikingly artistic and wonderful sofa pillows, curtains, chair covers and hangings designed and executed by masculine hands in many parts of the country.—*By John Coleman in the Chicago Tribune.*

Habits.

Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why do you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked.

"Did I?" said grandpa.

"Why, yes; you did. But I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned; but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India."

"Why did you do it there?"

"To shake out scorpions or centipedes or other vermin that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know; but I formed the habit, and now I do it without thinking."

"Habit is a queer thing, isn't it?" said Ned.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa, "remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows strong faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let them be growing strong all the while you live."—*Mayflower.*

Nae treasures nor pleasures
Can make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang.

—Robert Burns: Epistle to Davie.

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THE FIELD.

The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS THINKERS AND WORKERS.

It is with cities as with individuals, there are some to whom frowns are especially unbecoming and Geneva is one of these. Yet though she wore for the opening of our Congress her most lugubrious aspect, and though for days her smiles were most transient and uncertain, all this was not sufficient to dampen the ardor of those who had gathered here from many lands for the *Troisieme Congres International du Christianisme Liberal et Progressif* for from the first it was realized that here our proceedings were not to go on in a corner but that the very best this old stronghold of Protestantism had to offer was at our disposal. Already on Sunday the English had held a service in the beautiful chapel of the Maccabees adjoining St. Peter's, and on Monday evening, with rain coats and umbrellas, the Congressists joyfully climbed the narrow streets leading to the cathedral, for it was into its very heart that we were welcomed for the opening sermon of the Congress by Rev. Roberty, of Paris.

As we enter we are told by Swiss friends who accompany us, that this is the first lighting of St. Peter's. As it was only after long hesitation for fear of disfiguring the venerated edifice that the introduction of electric lights was determined upon, there is evidence of a very general interest and curiosity as to the effect. From a practical point of view this lighting leaves much to be desired, for in the pews one unfamiliar with them must have strong eyes indeed to read the hymns, and it is evident that the clergyman himself has difficulty with his scripture readings. The soft light, however, harmonizes well with the gray old walls and columns, touches gently the refined, intellectual features of the black-robed preacher, and the rapt faces of this concourse of auditors which fills even the shadowy corners of this historic place of worship. It is a picture one will keep long in memory. Taking as his text Revelation 22:3, "There shall be no more curse," the preacher recalls with fervid French eloquence the heroic memories of Geneva and St. Pierre then passes on to the development of his theme. Science deals with the realm of facts, philosophy with that of ideas, but the real essence of religion is to be found ever in personality, in the power of a noble life. This is the power that passes on from age to age, and it is this power, this growing communion in the spirit of Jesus Christ that, unharmed by the discoveries of science or the disintegrating tendencies of Protestant individualism, shall one day realize the vision of the Seer of Patmos, and there shall be no more curse.

All hearts aglow with the fervor of this discourse the concourse streamed down the hill to the rooms of the *Société littéraire* for the reception of the foreign delegates. This was an affair less formal than at Amsterdam. The rooms were small for the numbers assembled. The Genevans in attendance were few; English—not "American"—was the language heard on every hand as we elbowed our way through the throng, greeting old acquaintances wherever we could find them. Pastor Wagner's massive form towered above the rest, and he gave us a cordial hand grasp as we gave him a greeting from All Souls, Chicago; and our personal thanks for the introduction accorded us in Strassburg. How well he remembers names and faces in America was evidenced by the sudden exclamation: "There is the minister from Tarrytown!" as he darted away to grasp the hand of Rev. Theodore Williams. After a half hour or so of this informal intercourse President Montet, mounting a small step-ladder, called to order and in a few well chosen words gave gracious welcome to the delegates. From the same improvised and somewhat precarious platform brief but very happy and varied responses were made by Pastor Charles Wagner, Pastor Hugenholtz of Amsterdam, Rev. W. Jogán of Budapest, Rev. Charles St. John of Boston, Rev. Copeland Bowie, a representative of the Brahmo-Somaj and others, after which General Secretary Wendte made a few announcements and bade the assemblage good night. Some of the happiest utterances of the Congress were these at the opening reception and the subsequent one on Wednesday evening at the *Palais Eynard.* It would be a pleasure could one report them verbatim, but we greatly fear they will not appear even in the proceedings of the Congress.

On Monday morning at 9, without other devotional service than the repetition of the Lord's prayer by a venerable clergyman of 91, Pastor Andemard of Cantorl Vand, the regular sessions began in the aula of the University. On the platform were official representatives of the local administration for both church and state. The opening address was by Prof. Chantre, honorary chairman of the local committee, who declared that Unitarians ought to feel at home in Geneva, because, though Calvin made short work with Unitarianism and scattered its representatives to the four winds, nevertheless in the second half of the 18th century, the great majority of Genevese pastors were Unitarians, and that notwithstanding a later doctrinal reaction. Unitarianism has not been supplanted here. But Unitarianism to-day and in this assembly is not merely opposition to an article of the accepted creeds; its horizon is infinitely wider, it represents a free and independent theology, a method absolutely different from that which is at the basis of all "orthodoxies." Prof. E. Montet, dean of the theological faculty of the University of Geneva and president of the Congress, outlined briefly the history and aims of the International Council and invoked the memories of Auguste Bouvier and Auguste Sabatier—two religious thinkers of the same spiritual caliber, but differing in their tendencies, in their religious character and in their intellectual nature—to preside, so to speak, over the deliberations in this hall and in this University where both of them once spoke and taught. He regretted especially the absence of certain members who had been expected, especially Prof. Harnack, of Berlin; the Ven. Fremantle, dean of Ripon; the Rev. S. A. Eliot, of Boston; Dean Jalabert, of Paris, and Baron F. de Schickler, Prof. Bonet-Maury, M. Paul Sabatier, author of a remarkable work on St. Francis of Assissi; the Van Kambli, dean of St. Gall, and that ardent champion of liberal religion, Pastor Bost, of Brussels, who was kept away by illness. Before declaring the Congress open, Prof. Montet desired to affirm that "we are men of faith" and that "we shall work with joy and enthusiasm for we can take up in all sincerity the words of the Apostle and say: "I believe, therefore have I spoken."

These addresses in printed form, as well as the encouraging report of General Secretary Wendte which followed them, were at the disposal of the members, both in French and in English.

Passing over Mr. Wendte's report, the substance of which is sure to reach America through various channels, we come to the individual reports from different countries, which filled up the remainder of the morning and the whole of the afternoon session. Rev. A. Altherr, of Basel, president of the *Schweigerischer Verein für freies Christentune,* and already known in America, told of conditions in German Switzerland, where 42 per cent of the population are Catholics, 58 per cent Protestants. The differing communions live together in peace notwithstanding the suppression of the monasteries and the prohibition of Jesuit teaching. In the Protestant church, subscription to fixed confession of faith is no longer obligatory for clergy or laity! Pastor J. Mayor gave a detailed and frankly discouraging account of conditions in French Switzerland so far as liberal pastors are concerned, while still claiming that the liberal spirit is growing in all the theological faculties of this region. Rev. Copeland Bowie gave in an interesting way a mass of statistics and details concerning the age, history and characteristics of the Unitarian churches in different parts of the United Kingdom, which will be exceedingly valuable for reference when once we have them in print, Pastor Bourrier of Sèvres, spoke again as at Amsterdam, of the *évadés, i. e.,* priesto abandoning the church of Rome in France. Pastor T. André, of Florence, attributed the slight progress of Protestantism in Italy to its coldness, its sectarian tenderencies and the fact that it had addressed itself chiefly to the uncultivated classes. Pastor Hocart, of Brussels, gave a seemingly very just and unbiased account of religious conditions in Belgium, both Catholic and Protestant. That his statements were both impartial and reliable was evidenced by the interest expressed by a Catholic priest who listened to his report. I may mention here that the presence of several members of the Roman church was one of the interesting features of the Congress. Prof. Eerdmans, of Leyden; President Southworth, of Meadville, and Prof. Boros, of Kolozsvan, spoke with force and conviction of liberal religion in Holland, America and Hungary. The former spoke in German a little difficult to follow and no abstract or translation

was available, so that none of the local papers—though all gave generous notice to the Congress—attempted a resumé. Mr. Southworth was rather more pessimistic than one could have wished in the picture he drew of the corrupting and vulgarizing ascendancy of the dollar in American life. Admitting all the need of recognizing and combating such evils at home, it seems hardly so necessary or so wise to emphasize them in circles already too prone to consider the typical American a money-worshiper. Two years ago our American spokesmen at Amsterdam, Drs. Eliot and Crooker, gave such glowing accounts of religious and educational ideals in America that foreigners asked a little incredulously: "Are conditions really so ideal in your country?" But who expresses incredulity of what is bad? Let us hope, then, that many of our foreign friends will attend the next Congress in America and see for themselves that, though we are not all saints, we are most assuredly not all sinners. It was startling to learn from Prof. Boros that Hungary has no counterpart to the *Los von Rom* movement in Austria; that on the contrary the Catholic church is steadily gaining on, and from, the Protestants, and that one-fourth of the soil of Hungary belongs to the Church of Rome. His paper was one that will be looked for with interest in the published proceedings, which are promised in a few months.

This day, like its predecessor, was cold and showery, but notwithstanding unfavorable conditions the tour of the lake was made in the evening according to programme, and if one did not see much of the scenery, there was at least an opportunity of making personal acquaintance with fellow Congressists, to your correspondent, however, a quiet evening with her Swiss host and hostess proved more attractive.

The Congress reached its high-water mark on Wednesday. To begin with, the morning papers brought the welcome news of peace in the Far East, so everywhere the first word was: Do you know there is peace? At 9 a. m. the Congressists assembled at St. Pierre for a German service, the sermon being preached by Prof. Dr. K. Furrer, of Zürich, from the text: Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty (I. Cor. 3:17). In his closing prayer, Dr. Furrer voiced the general thanksgiving over the news from Portsmouth. At the regular sessions in the Anla of the University, also, the peace tidings were of predominant interest and telegrams of congratulation were dispatched to President Roosevelt, the Mikado and the Czar.

The regular proceedings opened with a paper by Mme. E. H. Loyson on the Religious condition of oriental monotheistic women. While recognizing Mme. Loyson's unequaled opportunities for knowing whereof she spoke, it was plain from comments heard afterward that her roseate picture of Mohammedan life and character left many of her auditors rather bewildered and I am sure some questions would have been asked had time permitted. She was followed by Rabbi Louis Levy, of Dijon, a representative of advanced Judaism, who in an eloquent peroration announced his belief in a great symphony of sincere and truly religious souls but indulged in no dream of dogmatic or doctrinal unity. His paper was a theoretical exposition of liberal Judaism. At its close Pastor Wagner arose to express in a few well chosen words the satisfaction in the growing mutual and friendly recognition of the relation between Judaism and Christianity, the parents and the child, between whom there should be only love and sympathy. After the usual tumult due to the exit and entrance of members at the close of each paper, the audience settled down to follow with close attention Dr. Pfleiderai's exposition of the sources of the Christian doctrine of salvation. This was one most restful half hour of the Congress. There is no attempt at oratory in the utterances of Dr. Pfleider; he is simply the beloved, white-haired professor leaning over his desk and imparting to his attentive, earnest students in gentle, simple fashion the results of his far-reaching studies in comparative religion. Willingly we listened past the hour for adjournment, and the rising of the audience in a prolonged burst of applause at the close was a spontaneous expression of the place this German savant has won in the hearts of the Congressists.

The afternoon was given to Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter's report on Recent progress of New Testament study in Great Britain, to a paper by Prof. Dr. J. J. Gourd of the University of Geneva, on the Distinctive character of religion, and to a very suggestive study by our own Honorable Samuel J. Barrows, on the Influence of humanitarian ideas on theological doctrines. As a compliment to our hosts Mr. Barrows presented his paper in French but an English abstract was supplied in print. Space does not permit an analysis of any of these addresses which will all be looked for with interest when the proceedings appear.

And now the moment we have long looked forward to arrives and the venerable Father Hyacinthe ascends to the platform in a burst of welcoming applause. In a whispered aside we are told that he is liable to be a little long. But no, in spite of his age he has been a faithful attendant at the sessions of the Congress and is evidently inspired by the occasion. With an impetuosity and an eloquence that are not art but nature, he outlines his conception of the Trinity, of the unity of God, of Jesus not God but man; Jesus who formulated no creed because he was always a Jew, who established no church or religion because he believed that the end of the world was at hand, but who brought the inspiration of his spirit and life among men and sought the establishment of the kingdom of God, the reign of love and justice. Mr. Loyson paid a warm tribute to the Parliament of religions at Chicago, and saluted the representatives of old religions, Jew, Mussulman and Hindu theist. In a timely digression he asked why should one designate as pagans those Japanese who, after all the honors gained on the field of battle have covered themselves with a still greater glory by their generosity in the making of peace? Almost before we knew it he had ended and the whole audience rose to its feet in a tumultuous outburst of enthusiasm and applause. It was an experience quite unforgetable.

There is one more speaker on the programme but President Montet announces that his paper will be put over to Thursday morning and all streamed out, exchanging enthusiastic comment on what we have just listened to. It has been announced that the English and American delegates will lay a wreath this afternoon on the monument of Servetus. Presently Mr. Bowie appears with it, a truly beautiful wreath behind whose martyr palms and immortels the bearer is half hidden. It is tied with a great bow of violet satin ribbon bearing the simple legend "*A la Mémoire de Michel Servet.*" Accompanied by President Montet, Mr. Bowie leads the way and the Congressists of all nationalities follow after on foot to that spot on the hillside of Champel where the simple expiatory monument has been erected by the "respectful sons of Calvin." When we have gathered about it President Montet, on behalf of Geneva, thanks the delegates for this evidence of appreciation; Mrs. Tarrant speaks on behalf of the English delegation and Mr. Barrows on behalf of the Americans, bids us remember not merely Calvin, and Servetus, but the men who even in those days of stern bigotry were brave enough to proclaim the unrighteousness of persecution for opinion's sake. He calls the roll of some of these and suggests that Unitarians might well charge themselves with the erection somewhere in Geneva of a tablet to the memory of Castellion.

In the evening the members of the Congress were the guests of the municipality at a reception in the *Palais Eynard*, formerly the private residence of that well remembered *plodicl-hellene*, but now owned by the city as a place for the social entertainment of its guests. Though there had been little rain during the day, the ground was still too damp to permit full enjoyment of the terrace and garden, which were temptingly lighted with Japanese lanterns, but the salons and buffet presented a shifting panorama of interesting and interested faces and a perfect babel of tongues. An excellent orchestra played national airs and other selections when it was not summarily silenced to permit us to hear a few brief addresses. Mr. Edwin D. Mead was very appropriately asked to speak on the great topic of the day, the news of peace. He did so in a most happy way, taking occasion also to pay a warm and just tribute to Calvin, which went right to the heart of the Genevese. I heard regret expressed by some of these that no stenographer was present to report his remarks in toto. He was followed by Pastor Charles Wagner, who spoke with deep feeling of President Roosevelt and the service he had rendered humanity in bringing about this peace. I am told that he paid a similar tribute to the president during the morning service conducted by him at St. Pierre last Sunday, but I was so unfortunately placed that I was not able to hear him satisfactorily at the cathedral. The languages recognized at the Congress were English, French and German. Pastor Schvenholtzer of Zürich, as mouthpiece of the German element, followed Pastor Wagner in the series of impromptu addresses at the *Palais Eynard*. He is a man pre-eminently fond of nature and of parables and he was at no loss for a simile appropriate to the occasion. We may not remember his exact phraseology but we shall all remember and can apply for ourselves his figure of the four rivers flowing in different directions for the benefit of peoples of different race, but all answering his query whence they came: *Aus dem heligen St. Gotthard.* And in a dream it came to him that in Dutch hard meant *Herz* and so the answer ran that these streams with their divergent courses and environment, all had their source alike in the sacred heart of God. So the day was well-rounded out and will stand in the memories of some, at least, as the crowning day of the Congress. It alone would have been worth coming for.

Yet assuredly the morrow was not without its interests. To begin with, at 9 a. m., there was the English and American service in the cathedral of St. Pierre. Think of it! An American Unitarian preaching from the pulpit of John Calvin! Shall we ever forget that of Geneva? Did I not say she gave us the best she had? With no trace of patronage or condescension she has taken us into her historic church, shared with us her most sacred memories, and this not because she accepts

our theology, but because to-day she does practically believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

I have not tried in this letter to report matters which will eventually be available to all in the published proceedings of the Congress, but have sought rather to catch those fugitive incidents and impressions, those inspired and inspiring moments that inevitably escape more or less the official stenographer. Mrs. Barrows was present at this service so there is the less need for me to attempt any reporting of the letter of it. I hope she caught it all, including the prayer of the Rev. C. J. Street, which I know made a deep impression on some local hearers. The church was well filled. One of the local papers observed that it had perhaps never contained so many English and Americans as on this morning. That they were not the only ones who came was shown by this little incident; it is the custom here to sit to sing and to stand to pray; there was an instant's hesitation over the prayer and a certain number rose to their feet, but our customs carried the day, and heads were bowed as at home. Then for the hymns we rose and sang with heart and voice. A printed folder containing the hymns and order of service had been handed to each person on entering and the organist was an English one, so the music went off well even though the first hyman was apparently an English selection and the other two: "God of ages and Nations" and "Nearer My God to Thee," were sung to tunes with which Americans are not familiar.

Mr. Savage's subject was: Religion; its changing form and its abiding essence. Americans will readily divine the line of his argument. The *Journal de Genève* closes a brief outline of it with these words: "Never, or at least not for a long time, have thought and form been so ordinarily united in the pulpit of Calvin and with such loftiness of views." His personality, no less than his thought, made a strong impression and it was interesting to observe how quickly a comparison was drawn—and not at all to Dr. Savage's disadvantage—between his quiet bearing and restrained gestures and the more dramatic delivery of his eloquent French confrere, Pastor E. Roberty, and this too by one unaccustomed to English or American preaching. The repetition of the Lord's Prayer in concert was another feature quite contrary to the local custom that I have heard commented upon as most impressive. Here the minister alone recites it.

Small space remains in which to speak of the last day's proceedings. The exhaustive study by Pastor A. Berstrand, of Castres on the Holiness of Jesus; Pastor Hugenholtz, on the church and free religious communities; and the ringing words of Rev. W. G. Tarrant, of London, on the Relations of liberal religion toward social reforms, filled the balance of the morning. In the afternoon we listened to Prof. Jean Réville, D.D., of Paris, on the burning subject of the Separation of Church and State in France. One was glad to find that he could say as much good of the measure as he did. From the American point of view its provisions seem so hampering that one wonders how Protestant churches can live at all under it. With great fair-mindedness M. Réville says: Many thoughtful minds considered the introduction of this measure inopportune and dangerous, incurring the risk of increasing the influence of the Roman Catholic church. The desire to avoid this risk compelled the French Parliament to limit the financial resources of those religious bodies destined to replace the churches, and to restrict the range of their activity exclusively to religious services. Granting these restrictions, however,—which in general are inevitable—the measure is a liberal one.

A paper by Pastor M. Rey (Liege) on the opportunity of formulating a declaration of liberal Christian belief, was warmly endorsed by Prof. Albert Réville, who moved that the Council appoint a committee to consider this matter and to submit to the next Congress a declaration of principles—"not a confession of faith." A lively discussion took place over this, the French decidedly favoring such a declaration; the Germans, English and Americans distrusting the wisdom of it. It ended by leaving the matter in the hands of the Council.

The final speaker was Prof. B. Nath Sen, of Calcutta, representative of the Brahmu Somaj, who had been prevented from giving his report with the others on Tuesday by the detention of his steamer at Aden. His voice was low and gentle and his unfamiliar accent made it difficult for non-English speaking persons to follow him so it is fortunate that his paper will appear in print.

The remainder of the session was taken up with the election of officers, and the passage of the usual resolutions of thanks and appreciation, seconded by representatives of various groups and nationalities. The invitation to hold the next meeting of the International Council in America, at a time and place to be determined later, was accepted. President Montet received such an ovation that he declared it left him speechless. His statement that he and his coadjutors had but done their duty and the announcement of his intention to come to America, called forth renewed expressions of enthusiasm. The session closed with an adjournment to St. Pierre for the enjoyment of a fine organ concert.

At 7 p. m. the congressists and their hosts reassembled in the banqueting hall of the *Parc des Eaux Vives* for a final social evening. Speeches were made by the well-known historian and scholar, M. Henri Fazy, representative of the Council of State, by representatives of the consistory, the National Catholic church, by Prof. Albert Réville, and others, but unfortunately they could be heard by only a small proportion of the hundreds present. Not so with the music and the National hymns, which were sung standing. With some farewell words by President Montet the festivities closed at 11:30.

While there was some lack here of the local enthusiasm and participation due at Amsterdam to the convocation of two hundred or more Dutch ministers in connection with the Congress, the feeling of those best informed is that the Congress just closed has more than kept up the standard in the character and value of the reports and papers presented, that it has reached individuals and circles untouched before by the influence of the International Council, and that in several respects it marks a decided step forward in the path of religious fellowship and federation. The local press, both religious and secular, has given generous space and recognition to our proceedings, and even where dissent from our views was expressed the tone has been distinctly courteous and friendly.

Between showers on Tuesday an opportunity was found to take a successful photograph of the Congress on the steps of the university. In the course of that day too it was officially announced that of the 550 delegates expected probably 500 were in attendance; that these represented twelve nationalities, 54 different religious organizations and 22 church fellowships. No later statistics are available at this writing. In closing I should not fail to mention the gift of some 400 copies of the life of August Bovier, by Rev. E. Roberty, made to the Congress by the descendants of the early Swiss liberal.

M. E. H.

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